THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

January, 1805.

MRS. JORDAN.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

A Fortunate combination of circumstances seems to have formed this lady for that high degree of eminence in her profession to which she has long attained. The cassock and the sword have joined their powers to make her what she is: from the former source, we may naturally suppose, she derived taste and pathos; and from the latter, the courage needful to display these talents to advantage, in the most trying of all situations, on the boards of a crowded Theatre. Her maternal grandfather was a Welch Clergyman; and her father a Captain in the army, whose name was Bland, a gentleman of some property. Being stationed in the Clergyman's neighbourhood in the way of his profession, the Captain found ready admission at his rural dwelling; a consequence too natural to be any way matter of surprise, followed; access to the father's house, paved the way to gain access to the daughter's heart; and the triumphant warrior is said to have "carried her off" with him to Ireland; a mode of speaking which seems to imply, that it was without her father's consent. It appears, indeed, to have been one of those inauspicious matches of which romances are full, where the consent of friends was disregarded on both sides; for though they were honorably married, and their union crowned with a numerous issue, (no fewer than nine children,) the Captain's

relations had influence enough, by means, or upon grounds with which we are not made acquainted, to procure the marriage to be annulled; and the hapless mother was turned adrift, with her helpless offspring, and no provision made for them.

How pleasing would be the task of Mrs. Jordan's biographer, could he speak with equal praise of every act of her life, as he can of the motive which first induced her to devote herself to the stage! it was the support of her mother and the destitute family.

Miss Bland's first appearance was at Dublin, under the management of Mr. Ryder, in the humble character of Phœbe in Shakespear's "As you like it." Not chusing, from prudential considerations, to exasperate, or, from generous motives, not wishing to bring odium upon her father's family, she was announced in the bills of the day, under the assumed name of Miss Francis; but learning that this step only afforded an occasion to these inveterate relatives to reflect upon her mother, she shewed her spirit, by acting several nights, by her real name, as the daughter of Captain Bland. Such an unlooked-for instance of resolution in our heroine, seems to have produced proper concessions on their part, as she was very shortly announced again by her former fictitious name.

Little reputation, however, was attached to either name—They were not the names—Mr. Shandy would have said—no—not names destined to shine in histrionic annals—Fate had fast bound a high theatric character and Jordan together! Her removal from Mr. Ryder to the Theatre, at that time under the direction of Mr. Daly, might be called her ascent upon the first step of the temple of Fame, as there she began to attract some degree of notice, more especially in the character of Adelaide in the Count of Narbonne. If we may judge from subsequent events, strong and just cause of dissatisfaction was given by the

the manager to the young actress, which, in a fortunate moment, determined her to run all risks with regard to the legal consequences of forfeiting her engagement, and to quit Dublin for England.

She accordingly took her passage, accompanied by her mother; and having landed, they directed their course to Leeds, where the York company, under the management of Mr. Wilkinson, was performing at that time. It is reported, that, on her applying to the manager, he asked in what line she proposed to act; whether in Tragedy, genteel or low Comedy, or Opera? He was surprised at her reply, that, with his permission, she would attempt them all! Whatever doubts he might entertain of the lady's universality, he promised her a fair trial, and announced her for the part of Calista in the Fair Penitent, with Songs after the Play; and Lucy, in the entertainment of the Virgin unmasked; all in one night: the same night on which the fortunate name of Jordan was first assumed: it failed, nevertheless, to screen her from the resentment of the Dublin manager, who, having discovered her through her disguise, threatened to arrest her for the penalty annexed to her articles that had been forfeited. She was extricated out of this disagreeable dilemma by the kindness of an elderly gentleman, who, having given a patient hearing to the cause of her withdrawing from Dublin, found that her prosecutor was adding persecution to insult, and generously paid down the sum of 250l. the forfeiture incurred.

The time of her continuance with the York company was about the space of three years, where she had the full benefit of Mr. Wilkinson's instructions, who, finding his labour amply repaid, gave her every advantage and opportunity of improvement. Mrs. Jordan is not the only instance in which a London audience derive delight from the display of powers drawn forth and fostered by that Veteran of the stage, who was almost the last remnant of the Old

School, and was cotemporary with a race of the children of Thespis, whose names are still repeated with pleasure, and of whom, we may, without intending any ill-natured comparison, say, that it is not probable we shall "look upon their like again."

In her now improved state, she attracted the notice of Mr. Smith, the well-known London actor, who saw her perform when he happened to be at York races; and, at his return, recommended her so effectually to the managers of Drury-Lane, that they immediately engaged her at a salary of 4l. per week. Mrs. Jordan's removal to London took place at the time of Mrs. Siddons's noon-tide splendour; and finding herself excluded from all hope of rivalling that lady in her own line of playing, she, in the true spirit of Cæsar, preferred to be the *first* in comedy, rather than the *second* in tragedy; and, thenceforth devoted herself to the service of Thalia, and accordingly joined her sportive train.

The Country Girl was happily revived, and made choice of to introduce her to a London audience. Those only who were witnesses to the scene, can form any just idea of the novelty displayed in her conception of the part, or the naiveté manifested in her manner of representing the character. Her salary was immediately doubled; raised, soon after, to 12l. per week, and two benefits in the season; and she is now, it is said, in possession of the highest salary given at Drury-Lane.

Her mother, for whose sake she first turned her thoughts to a theatric life, continued to participate the fruits of her success to the end of her days, in 1789: indeed, her uniform kindness to all her relations, and readiness to perform gratis on charitable occasions, are well known.

It is unnecessary to enlarge here on her elevated rank in the theatre, her splendid connection of another kind, and great number of children—these are sufficiently

ficiently known: and we will rather conclude with a few anecdotes not of so public a nature.

A proof of her just sense of propriety, founded upon feeling, occurred on her return to the stage in the spring of 1800, after a very long absence: an address to the audience on the occasion was prepared for her, couched in terms of egotism and false wit, which vanity might have betrayed her to recite, but good sense taught her to avoid.

A striking proof of her sweet manner of captivating an audience, by what is truly her *own* manner, appeared in May 1800, when her introducing and singing the simple Ballad of the Blue Bell of Scotland on her benefit night, made that air popular throughout the kingdom.

A dreadful alarm was excited in the audience for her safety at Margate, September, 1802, at which place her dress caught fire in the last scene of the Country Girl, but was extinguished without her receiving any harm.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXVII.

THOUGH mankind are universally agreed in regard to the value of Friendship, it must be obvious to every person of reflection, how little attention they pay to the cultivation of this *prime* sweetener of human life. When I bestow this exalted epithet on Friendship, I am not ignorant that it has been more generally applied to love, or that passion which exists between the sexes; but however pure this may be, I scruple not to say, that from its very nature, it must of necessity be mixed with more selfish principles than those on which genuine friendship is founded; and though it may more universally produce the happiness or misery of mankind, it is

seldom that it rises to the same generous excess. The attachment between men and women, however virtuous and refined, must always be prompted by hopes, and mixed with fears. It cannot subsist without partial and personal considerations: it is jealous of rivalry, it admits not of participation. Whereas we love a friend for his own sake alone; we try to serve him without any views to a return; and we are never so well pleased, as when he receives that homage and respect from others, which our own affection for him tells us is his due. If envy or jealousy enters into the composition of our friendship, we may be sure they are not of the genuine stamp: they are merely the associations of interest or pleasure; and the causes that produced them, when no longer in force, will speedily dissolve them; or they will die away, for want of fuel to feed the flame.

In short, I adopt the sentiments of that eminent moralist, and acute observer, Dr. Johnson, who thus apostrophizes Friendship:

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast,
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And keeps a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide me through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall their ardours cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove;
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

This ode to FRIENDSHIP is so beautifully expressed, and at the same time so just, that I have been tempted to transcribe the whole, for which I am sure no apology is necessary. It is at once the foundation and the support of my ideas on the subject of this divine passion, which never yet found a reviler; though few seem to know the proper mode of encouraging its growth, and preserving its lustre.

Indeed, among the generality of mankind, Friendship is considered merely as a cloak, under which self-interest may advance unseen, and Hypocrisy play off her batteries without suspicion. The patron who expects it from a dependent whom he keeps in penury and subjection, must know little of the human character; and the associates in pleasure and dissipation, though they have the word continually on their lips, can never feel its influence in their hearts. Even when friendship has arisen from honorable connections between persons of equal rank, if it is carried no farther than to prompt them to give at one time, what they may receive at another, it will fall infinitely short of that noble passion of which history furnishes us with some transcendant examples.

But, to bring the subject to a more particular application, I would beg leave to remark, that we more frequently find a real friendship subsisting between men than women. Even the natural partiality for my own sex cannot blind my eyes to this fact, which experience has confirmed in a thousand instances, within the narrow sphere of my own knowledge, and which, I make no doubt, will be proved true, by the conviction of every one's own bosom. From what cause can this arise? Women naturally enter into friendships with facility, but with equal facility they relinquish them: they can be constant

in

in love; but, I fear, they possess not, in general, that firmness of character, which would render them illustrious for the display of an ardent, judicious, and lasting friendship. In fact, love is the predominant passion of their hearts, the object to which all their wishes tend; and where this master passion is not indulged, or has no object to exert itself on, a blind partiality or favoritism takes place, to the exclusion of more generous feelings.

But, as example strikes when general remarks fail, I shall endeavour to illustrate my positions in regard to the versatility of female friendships, by two or three cases in point, which lately fell under my own observation.

Hortensia and Amanda were playmates, from their very infancy. They were born in the same town: their parents visited in the most unreserved manner; and their children were mutually encouraged to consider each other as friends. At an early age, they were put to the same school, where they were inseparable companions; and when they returned to their families, the intimacy between them had encreased to such a degree, that they were never happy but in each other's society. If they were prevented from daily visiting, by any accidental cause, a letter was sure to be interchanged between them; and, in a word, their affection seemed to have risen to such a height, and to have been confirmed by so many instances of tender regard, and pleasing recollection, that they obtained the appellation of the *Sisters*; and it might have been supposed, that nothing but the stroke of death would have divided them. Certain it is, that, had any person insinuated a possibility of variance, or even indifference, between them, he would have been regarded by both as a reviler, and as one who was incapable of entering into that generous ardour of attachment, which they not only avowed, but felt. It happened, however, that Amanda met with a lover, who proved neither

disagreeable to herself, nor unacceptable to her parents; and, in proportion as his visits became more frequent, and the impression he made on her heart more indelible, the less anxious she was, in reality, for the society of her dear Hortensia; and she found it necessary, for the first time in her life, to use warmer expressions of friendship than ever, in order to conceal the growing indifference which she felt. Hortensia, on her part, though she congratulated her friend on the conquest she had made, began to feel the stings of envy; and, that she might put an end to the connection which Amanda had formed, took an opportunity, under the mask of the most zealous attachment, to repeat some stories to the prejudice of the young suitor, which she pretended to have heard with the deepest regret; though it is more than probable she had invented them. Amanda did not hesitate one moment to inform her lover of her friend's sentiments of him; and the consequence was, the two *Sisters*, as they used to be called, saw each other ever after with the greatest indifference; and at last broke out into open aversion, and declared hostility, which lasted for the remainder of their lives.

Flirtilla and Prudentia were both married before they became acquainted; but their husbands residing in the same neighbourhood, and frequently visiting, they gradually became intimate; and though their tempers and dispositions were different, after an occasional intercourse of a year or two, they grew so much attached to each other, that *friend* Flirtilla and *friend* Prudentia were handed about between them, with more than apparent sincerity: while their husbands seemed to take as much pleasure in each other's society as their wives. On a certain occasion, however, Flirtilla's good man being dissatisfied with some part of his wife's conduct, ventured, in her presence, to ask Prudentia how she would have behaved in a similar situation. The answer of Prudentia

dentia was ingenuous, and she endeavoured to render it friendly; but she either could not, or did not fall in with the prejudices of Flirtilla; and from that moment the latter determined to break off all intercourse with the former, and treated her as a meddler, and an enemy. The consequence was, Flirtilla lost a friend, whose good sense would have set her right, when she was wandering from the path of propriety or duty; and in a short time, a separation took place between her and her husband, whose advice and authority she had repeatedly set at defiance.

I know, likewise, two maiden ladies of a certain age, as the French say, (that is, when they are no longer young or amiable, but wish to be thought both,) who were so much united in their professed detestation of the male sex, that they met every day at the house of the one or the other, to rail at them. But an Irish fortune-hunter having made one of them an offer of his hand, she took him at his word, without consulting her friend, and in violation of her former professions, which so exasperated the other, that she never could hear her name mentioned without bursting out into invectives, and taxing her with the worst passions that can actuate the human heart.

I might easily produce other examples of fickleness and inconsistency in female attachments to each other; but it will probably be thought that I have used too great freedom already. Conscious, however, that my wish is to reclaim rather than to censure, I expect pardon for my remarks, if they are not entitled to praise. I certainly would not recommend the cautious and frigid maxim of "living with friends, under the apprehension that they may one day become enemies;" but I would advise young ladies, in particular, to be less enthusiastic in their attachments to each other, as the surest means of preventing that disappointment in friendship, which they are likely to experience, when partiality gets the start of reason.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

[See Vol. xiii. Page 291.]

Dear Old Lady,

WAS it not for the respect and veneration in which I hold your age and character, I should feel myself rather jealous, at finding my spouse has held a correspondence with you unknown to me; and seeing I am the subject of his complaint, makes it very painful. I discovered it by chance, on taking up the Lady's Monthly Museum; observing our names there, made me curious; and I could not read without secretly accusing my husband of ungenerous conduct towards me. I am therefore determined you shall hear what I have to say in my own defence. You will recollect, he mentioned there was a few hundreds on my side; it is evident this was the bait, as he has the incivility to say I was then on my last legs; and what his rank was, you have to be made acquainted with. My husband was born in London, and bred to shoemaking, and was one of the city trainbands; and with my few hundreds, he purchased the small farm on which we now live. With respect to his meeting his daughter, and not knowing her, I know it is not his wish she should appear like other young people: she has not, however, been expensive to him, (as partly all her finery was what I had before I was married;) and then he proceeds to complain of Neddy, and makes use of that ugly expresson, "*pig-headed*, like his mother." It is surely natural that he should, like all other young men, be very fond of dress, especially of regimentals. That the lad has a brave and martial spirit I believe, as when he joined the volunteer company, Captain Spindleshanks made him instantly a serjeant, before he was a soldier; and no doubt, he

he imbibes this from his father, who is very fond of recounting the conspicuous figure he made when he belonged to the city grand association, when there were even songs made on them: all this has filled his head; but I am to bear the blame. He accuses me of encouraging the children to treat him with disrespect, and his advice with contempt; this is not true, as I quite disapprove of such conduct: a father should ever be held in the highest veneration by his children; but when I find him unreasonable, and entirely forgetting what he was himself, as there is no one more fond of gaiety and pleasure than he was when young, I sometimes interfere. The threat of withdrawing his support and protection is unnatural; but it is a true observation, those who have been guilty of the greatest indiscretions, and even crimes, in their youth, will the soonest forget themselves, and be the most severe on the faults of others. His partiality for him is accounted for, as farmer Clodpole, and others, frequently tell him he is so like himself; and I take it very unkind of Jabez taunting the girl with her ugliness, as her and Neddy are reckoned to favour me; and it only occasions her to run into greater extremes of dress.

Dear Madam, I should not have taken this public method of writing to you, but my husband has set me the example; and, indeed, it is the only way the injured can either meet with pity or redress. I shall be very happy to see you at Careless-Row, if you will favour us with a visit, and then you may, if possible, be able to judge between a man and his wife.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Yours,

Careless-Row. MARGERY OLDCOAT.

DISTURBANCE AT SCHOOL;

OR,

THE MOCK LAWYER.

An Attempt at Dramatic Writing,

BY THEODORE BLABTRUTH, GENT.

No plot? for shame! the piece deserves to rot!
Is not dramatic fame all gain'd by plot?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FARMER BAFFLEBODY, *Father of Miss Bafflebody.*
BILK'EM, *a Mock Lawyer.*
SCUD, *a Postman.*
&c. &c.

MRS. NEEDLE'EM, *Keeper of a Boarding School.*
MRS. BUNCH, *her Housekeeper.*
MISS BAFFLEBODY, *a Boarder and Pupil.*
Other Ladies, Pupils, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in MRS. NEEDLE'EM'S *House.*

Enter SCUD, *(with a parcel of letters in his hand, talking as he enters, preceded by* MRS. BUNCH.)

Scud. COME, come, Mrs. Bunch; don't keep me here sauntering: either give me the letters, or pay me for them.

Mrs. Bunch. Why, Sir, they are all penny-posters. Mrs. Needle'em says that some of them may be of importance, and she will break the seal of 'em; but she hopes you will take the anonymous ones back again, and return her the money.

Scud. Confound them! I tell you I will either have the money or letters immediately.

Mrs. Bunch. Don't be so stormy, Sir; mind who you are speaking to. I shall acquaint Mrs. Needle'em with your resolutions.

Scud. Off then; and don't let that mouth-and-a-half of yours have so much play. Exercise your feet a little, Mrs. Bunch; and let your tongue lay at rest: will you never have done talking? Here I've been waiting this half hour; to no other purpose, than to hear your tongue beat a march on the kettle-drum of your mouth, without your feet taking any part in the performance.

Mrs. Bunch. Mouth and tongue, indeed! you old snail-driver! I'd have you to know, that my mouth and tongue have, before now, been made the subject of an acrostic: and have tinkled through this polite Boarding School for fifteen years, with the most admirable clatter, you mean fellow.— [*Exit.*

Scud. Egad, that's no bad one; clatter enough, I dare say. I think she has more command in this house than any body else.—(*Looks at his watch.*) Zoons! I have to travel the whole town yet.—What, ho!—look sharp there, you weazel-back'd housekeeper.

Re-enter MRS. BUNCH.

Mrs. Bunch. Who are you calling, fellow! do you think yourself in a gin-shop?

Scud. Come, Mrs. Turnkey, set me off—set me off.—

Mrs. Bunch. Turnkey! you incredible being! I'd have you know that I'm housekeeper here, and expect to be spoken to as such.

Scud. I knew you were turnkey here. Come, come; don't saunter.

Mrs. Bunch. You monster! begone out of my sight, or I'll make you walk out on crutches. You are made of malice and calumny. You horrible spectacle of infamy, begone, or I'll—(*Knocks the letters out of his hand, and exit.*)

Scud. Just so. There's the mail plundered! Egad, Mrs. Bunch, you don't know what you've done. I'll bring the Devil into the house.—(*Gathering the letters.*) *Enter*

Enter MRS. NEEDLE'EM.

Mrs. Needle'em. What did you say, Sir?

Scud. I say what I will do. The mail has been plundered in this house, and that's hanging. Confound me, if ever I was so used in my life. Where is the money for the three penny-posters that I brought?

Mrs. Needle'em. Be patient, Sir.

Scud. Patient! I'll bring the Devil into the house.

Mrs. Needle'em. Good gracious, Sir! what do you mean?

Scud. Mean, Madam? Have you not heard my meaning? I mean to play the devil with you; that's all. I say, pay me for the letters.

Mrs. Needle'em. But, Sir—

Scud. I'm no Sir. Pay me, or I'll—

Mrs. Needle'em. Do be patient, Sir! The letters you brought I have opened, and find them to be all anonymous: one contains an assortment of quack medicine pamphlets; another an old newspaper; and the third a picture of a Merry-Andrew. Now, Sir, does it consist with reason for me to pay for such budgets?

Scud. To be sure. Penny a piece! Egad, I think they are cheap. Come, come; no shuffling, I must be off.

Mrs. Needle'em. I think 'tis inconsistent, Sir.

Scud. I tell you—

Mrs. Needle'em. Well, well, Sir, don't be in a passion: I'll pay you: but if it cost me twenty pounds, I'll prosecute the authors of them.—*(Paying for the letters.)*—I'm tolerably certain I know who they are.

Scud. Be doing, Madam; be doing. I should be very happy to see you get forward in it. I wish there was not a penny-poster in the world for my part.—*(Going, sees* MRS. BUNCH.) Eh! here comes the turnkey again.

Enter MRS. BUNCH, *(pushing him back in passing.)*

Mrs. Bunch. Hideous being! to what an inexpressible pitch of passion am I now wrought! Turnkey! I'll turn your key with a vengeance.

Scud. The King's man is—Wounds! Murder!—*(She pushes him out.)*

Mrs. Bunch. Was ever woman so fluttered?

Mrs. Needle'em. What is the matter with——

Mrs. Bunch. Matter, Ma'am! Oh, was ever the tongue of a woman in such a palpitation.—Turnkey! I shall never recover my senses!

Mrs. Needle'em. I beg you'll let me know the cause of this.

Mrs. Bunch. Oh, Ma'am, that mean fellow has called me a turnkey.

Mrs. Needle'em. I wonder you should trouble yourself about such nonsense. The slander of such men is the portrait of their profession. Out of sight, out of mind, as my old grandmother, Mrs. Stitchwell, used to say. Never mind him: calm yourself. He has brought three letters: one for Miss Bloomsbury, —*(looking at the covers;)*—another for Miss Applecheek; and the third for Miss Nosegay. We must curb these proceedings. I'm inclined to suspect two officers whom I saw loitering about the banks yesterday. Two letters yesterday, and three such budgets to day! There, look.—*(Gives* Mrs. Bunch *the letters.)*—You know you are in all my secrets.

Mrs. Bunch. I think, Ma'am, here are some lines in the cover.

Mrs. Needle'em. I did not observe—

Mrs. Bunch. (Reading.) "This Merry-Andrew, I enclose you, as a token of my passion." Ha! Ha! Ha!—There's more.—*(Reading.)*—"Don't you think he resembles Mrs. Bunch?"—*(Opens the picture with great anxiety.)*—Oh—*(shouts)*—unpardonable comparison.—*(Tears the paper in a terrible passion.)*—I'll leave the house.—*(More calm.)*—A woman of my refined ideas can never submit to such infamous derogation. I'll pass the remainder of my life at the fire-side of my brother Jacob: his house stands in the Vale of Sequestration, and I can indulge my delightful imagination in the verdant mead; or bless myself with the happiness of retailing Geneva from his

his unexcised cellar. I'll try to forget this—*(Her passion rising.)*

Mrs. Needle'em. I'm sorry to see you so fluttered with trifles.

Mrs. Bunch. Trifles!

Mrs. Needle'em. You lay yourself open to the mockery of the world. Go to your duty. I shall want you in the Music-Room shortly: we must have something done in this business.

Mrs. Bunch. Something done! I could be their executioner. A woman of my appearance——

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in an Inn, Chairs, Tables, &c.

Enter FARMER BAFFLEBODY; *followed by* BILK'EM.

Farmer B. 'Tis very unlucky that Mr. Mc Fee is not at home; I almost came on purpose to see him.

Bilk'em. Did you? Well then, all that I can say is, that I cannot help it. However, Sir, be consoled: I will hear what you had to say to him. Nevertheless, think not that I wish to hear it. I do not; forasmuch as it might be maliciously said, that I privately monopolized the business of Mr. Mc Fee, whereas, I wish no such thing: but, 'tis well known that Mr. Sampson Bilk'em can dabble in the law with the best of 'em.

Farmer B. And pray, Sir, who is Mr. Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. You have now the pleasure of seeing him before you.

Farmer B. So you are Mr. Bilk'em?

Bilk'em. I am that gentleman.

Farmer B. And a Lawyer?

Bilk'em. At your service.

Farmer B. Well then, I will have your opinion.

Bilk'em. With all my heart. State the case.

Farmer B. We'll take seats. This is your own house, I suppose.

Bilk'em. No. I'm extremely happy to liberate you from an error; this is an inn, Sir; much frequented by the profession.

Farmer B.

Farmer B. An inn!

Bilk'em. Yes, with excellent entertainment for—free-drinkers. Shall I ring the bell, Sir?

Farmer B. Well, I think a glass a-piece may do no harm.

Bilk'em. 'Twill keep the *whistle wet.* Talking requires liquid.—*(Rings the bell.)*—Now for the case.—*(They take seats;* BILK'EM *sits consequentially.)*

Farmer B. Well, Sir, you know as how—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Did you call, gentlemen?

Bilk'em. A bottle—*(Exit* WAITER.)

Farmer B. Of what, Mr. Bilk'em?

Bilk'em. He knows. Proceed, Mr.—I beg pardon—Your name, if you please, Sir.

Farmer B. Bafflebody.

Bilk'em. Bafflebody! Ha! the name is closely connected with the Bilk'em's, and of Norman extraction,

Farmer B. Possible. You are up to these things, Mr. Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. Up! I'm up to every thing; ancient and modern; past, present, and to come; dead or alive; being, or not being; right, or wrong—Slap dash—I'm he.—*(Enter* WAITER: *places a bottle and glasses upon the table—Exit.* BILK'EM *fills his glass, and drinks without ceremony.)* Aye, that's the stuff.—*(Fills* BAFFLEBODY *a glass, and places the decanter close to himself.)*—Proceed, Sir.

Farmer B. Well, Sir, as how, as I began before—*(Takes his glass and tastes.)* That's good beer. Who keeps this house, Mr. Bilk'em?

Bilk'em. My most intimate friend, Mr. Corporate, who now is engaged in an affair of the most serious consequence; a trial of—no matter, Sir, he is plaintiff—and in which I am a material witness—*(drinks)*—namely, the only witness he has; and what would I not do to befriend my dear bosom companion Mr. Corporate? Hem—*(drinks)*—The thief is an infernal

nal French Barber, who got the most of his living in the house. It makes me mad to think on't—I shall have to take some heavy oaths; but I have secured Mr. Corporate's gratuity for so doing.—*(Drinks again.)*

Farmer B. You seem clever, Mr. Bilk'em. Mr. Mc Fee I suppose employs you sometimes to assist him in *crabby* matters.

Bilk'em. Yes, I condescend to assist him in emergencies: that is, engross deeds, or write memorials.

Farmer B. So: And how long have you followed the trade?

Bilk'em. Call it a profession, if you please.

Farmer B. Well, well; a profession be it.

Bilk'em. Thirteen years and six months since I first laid my elbow upon a skin. My father, Sir, was a man of *taste* in his profession: he had an inimitable way of crying "Razors to grind,"—*(drinks,)*—which secured him plenty of business. I'll assure you, had you seen my feet, (for I wore no stockings, owing to a whim of my own,) you would have pitied me. At last, poor man, he died, and left me whole heir to his business: but, unfortunately, I was too young, and did not succeed; and having a natural antipathy to labor, I was cast on the parish. —*(Drinks.)*—The parishioners insolently bound me to a cobler for seven years; binding him, also, to send me to the night-school. He did—and—would you believe it?—the acute schoolmaster knocked the four first rules out of my pate in this short space of time—four years and four months.—*(Drinks.)*—This, you will say, shewed eminent genius on my part. It did. About this time I took a romantic idea into my head, and thought proper to decamp.

Farmer B. You run away, did you?

Bilk'em. I did; and never stopped till I was twenty miles from my indentures, when I halted, being compelled by the necessity of the pocket. It was a spacious town, in which I continued some years.

Farmer B. And what was your employment?—

Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. Excuse me from mentioning it—It was—hem!—no matter; you will readily conceive it was honorable, when I came to be promoted a bum-bailiff.—*(Drinks.)*

Farmer B. A bum-bailiff!

Bilk'em. Yes—*(rises)*—And of all my employments, it answered the best. For two years I run the country with a large stick, and small reputation. But—I say this capacity answered the best of all, for it thrust me under the notice of Mr. Parchment, who saw me apt, and took me as a rough-hand clerk. But, Sir, my talent did not long keep me here; soon did the radiant morn of my genius display a transcendant lustre, which marked me with no small distinctions, and I was obliged to give a proportionable share of my talents to those who thought proper to employ me; in which situation I still remain, ready to give you counsel, and transfer your purse whenever occasion may require.—*(Drinks.)*—And I'm a dancing-master, too; going to get an engagement for the ensuing winter. So you see, Sir, I unite hand and foot together, and travel through the world on springs.

Farmer B. A dancing-master!

Bilk'em. And a dealer in sundries. I keep a shop. My trades are as various as the steps in a hornpipe, as I may say. I deal in——Oh, but I have a song which enumerates the whole; I composed it myself; and I generally oblige such gentlemen as you with it on such occasions. Permit me to——*(Drinks.)*

Farmer B. I can't say that I'm anxious—We'd better——

Bilk'em. 'Tis short and sweet; you must have it. —*(Drinks.)*

SONG.

1.

I chuse parchment with infinite skill,
Engross on't with infinite neatness,
Deed, assignment, surrender, or will,
And all with such infinite cheapness!
I draw teeth in a dextrous way,
With an air and a tug above any—
Sell sweet-meats, and charming pipe-clay,
Good matches, and nails—ten a penny.

II.

I kill bugs by the quart, and sell pills,
Sugar-candy, potashes, and mustard—
I buy, sell, and clarify quills—
And my shop is much fam'd for a custard.
Dancing-master, and oculist too,
Retailer of coals: Glauber-salts—
In short, now, I am just the go,
With many good things, and few faults.

There, Sir. Now my wife minds the shop; and I, with my pen—Oh, by the bye, talking of the pen, a lamentable misfortune has befallen my wife.

Farmer B. Your wife!—You have a wife then?

Bilk'em. I have; and a peaceable—Mum—No matter—'Twas an unfortunate pop.

Farmer B. How! Wh——

Bilk'em. That it didn't send her elsewhere. *(Aside.)*

Farmer B. What has happened to your wife, Sir?

Bilk'em. In the first place, you must know,—*(takes his seat again,)*—that the respect I bear my wife is profound—Hem!—the other day, sitting at my desk, driving away at a counterpart—

Farmer B. What kind of cattle is it, Sir?

Bilk'em. Cattle! Ha! ha! ha!—*(Drinks)*—You make me laugh, Mr. Bafflebody. A counterpart is —Mum—It is a secret in the law, and I must not disclose it without a pecuniary compensation.

Farmer B. A pecu—what's that?—Come, the misfortune; let's hear—

Bilk'em. He will not take me—*(Aside)*—Well, I was busy, as aforesaid, while my wife was skipping through the house, tinkling something in my ears which charmed me. I immediately felt my breast filled with amorous delight. I jumped up, clapped my pen behind my ear, flew to embrace her; but, unluckily, in my inadvertent haste, (my pen being fixed in an awkward place,) I unfortunately pushed it into her left eye, broke her wooden leg, and dislocated her shoulder.

Farmer B. Dreadful! *Bilk'em.*

Bilk'em. None less affected than myself. But oh, Sir, I wish, you saw her.

Farmer B. Lard forbid!

Bilk'em. Notwithstanding the loss of her left eye—for, by the bye, she has a most admirable squint with the right, which makes up for the loss—I say, notwithstanding the loss of an eye—the fall of a shoulder—the loss of her teeth—

Farmer B. How did she lose her teeth?—

Bilk'em. That's true—I will tell you—*(Drinks)*—after she had received the foregoing mishap, she set up violent and pitiful outcries. I, wishing to do every thing in my power to pacify her, for that purpose clapped my hand upon her mouth; but finding my hand to be in danger, I very properly laid hold of my ink-stand, drove it into her mouth, and it certainly had the desired effect; for it completely prohibited her cries; but, lamentable to relate, it knocked a charming set of teeth out of order.

Farmer B. You have play'd the deuce with her.

Bilk'em. True; but Sir, as I was before going to observe, notwithstanding those dreadful losses, it would surprise you to see how beautiful she still remains.—*(Drinks.)*—The bottle is nearly done. Will you take a step to my house? I'll introduce you to Mrs. Bilk'em: she is now closely fixed in the chimney corner.

Farmer B. No. I—I'd rather be excused. I want courage to face such beauty. I think I should be frightened. Ha! ha! ha!

Bilk'em. Well then, we'll try to make this bottle spin out your case; but I think it wont—*(Drinks.)*—State your case. Lay down your injuries, and I will remedy 'em in a crack.

Farmer B. Well, Sir, as I before began to acquaint you, we live in a village which is *mostlins* inhabited with peaceable folks, like *oursells;* but, as I may say, a good field of corn is never without thistle: so is our town not without idle and *wanton* chaps to disturb its peace. Two, in particular, Jack Rattlecap, and Will Splicetinder.

Splicetinder. My wife last night invited a parcel of our neighbours to a comfortable dish of tea.

Bilk'em. I wish I'd been in the party. *(Aside—Drinks.)*

Farmer B. We were all sitting in a *jocundous* manner, talking away; Farmer Fusty and I about the price of corn and cattle; my wife, and her side of the table, about the price of lace, and so forth; and as I well remember, one of 'em was giving the pedigree of a goose famous for her breeding, when behold a dreadful noise was heard in the chimney—Flaffer—flaffering—We thought it was the Devil—yet we thought again, what business had he there? The soot came tumbling down, and made spice-cake, tea, and company, as black as chimney-sweepers. Ah, how frightened we were! My wife took fits, and we were all in a tumult. At length down it comes, knocks over the tea-kettle, and scalded our cat Tom to death. And what think you it was? Why what else, but our own grey gander?

Bilk'em. A good joke, faith!—*(Drinks.)*—And who do you suppose put it there?

Farmer B. Why Jack Rattlecap and Will Splicetinder, to be sure; and I'm come here to know how I'm to punish 'em.

Bilk'em. The bottle is out; we can manage another. Come.

Farmer B. I think not; I never likes to drink much beer in a morning. How am I to—

Bilk'em. If you think so, well—Hem!—*(jumps up.)*—I have not a moment to spare—a man of business must be punctual. Sir, I must beg you to call upon me in the afternoon. I have urgent business at this moment with—Hem—a gentleman—I must be off—Sir, I subscribe myself your servant—*(Going.)*

Farmer B. We'll call the reckoning, if you please, Mr. Bilk'em.

Bilk'em. Sir, under all the ceremony to which men can be subject, I beg leave to say, that I am not

in the habit of being present on such occasions.—*(Bows, and exit.)*

Farmer B. Hollo!—*(stands confounded)* here's a bite!!—Confound the whole race of scribblers!—Thrusts himself into my company, and pretends this, that, and t'other—He's a *nip*—he knows nothing, I'll be bound that. Well, well, I'll pay—a bottle of ale cannot be much. Ho, waiting-man.—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Did you call, Sir?

Farmer B. What's the reckoning?

Waiter. Seven shillings, Sir.—

Farmer B. Seven shillings! *(surprised.)*

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Farmer B. Seven shillings!—

Waiter. Yes.

Farmer. B. You puppy, what do you mean? Seven shillings!—

Waiter. We never sell claret for less, Sir.

Farmer B. Claret!

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Farmer B. What do you mean by claret?

Waiter. Seven shillings a bottle, Sir.

Farmer B. 'Twas beer, you impostor.

Waiter. Beer, Sir!

Farmer B. Yes, beer, you coxcomb.

Waiter. You are greatly mistaken, Sir. Mr. Bilk-'em always drinks claret, when he brings such gentlemen as you to pay for it.

Farmer B. Oh, ho. Now I find I'm *bilk'd* by Mr Bilk'em. I thought the stuff had a queer taste. Had I but ta'en neighbour Fusty's advice; he told me to keep out o'th' law—*(Puts his hand in his pocket, and passionately tosses down seven shillings)*—There! I wish I was out o'town—*(Hurries out.)*

Waiter, Nothing for waiter, Sir?—a shabby gull.

[*Exit.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOUR SISTERS.

NOT many instances are to be found in history, which may compare with the celebrity of the four daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, and Anne, his wife, of Giddy or Gidd-Hall, in the county of Essex; whether we contemplate their virtue, learning, or the dignified situations in which their merits were placed. We have extracted the following brief account of these "four sisters" from Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs of celebrated Female Characters," lately published; only just premising, that a fuller account of Catherine Killigrew may be found in our Museum, Vol. iv. page 453.

I. Lady Mildred Burleigh was one of these illustrious females who have been celebrated as the ornaments of the sixteenth century: she was born in the year 1526, at the country seat of her father, Sir Anthony Cooke, and was the eldest of his four daughters. At the period of her birth, a learned female, instead of being held in contempt, was admired; and, as Sir Anthony soon perceived that nature had been bountiful in her favours, he was resolved that education should complete the glorious work. The first masters of the age were procured for the young lady, who were astonished at the facility with which she acquired both the Greek and Latin tongue: and though her mental qualifications surprised them, they were still more captivated with the attractive virtues of her heart. On the anniversary of her twentieth year, she gave her hand to Sir William Cecil, who was soon afterwards created Lord Burleigh, made Lord High Treasurer of England, and Privy Counsellor to the Queen; and with him she enjoyed an uninterrupted state of conjugal felicity for the space of forty-two years. She was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, and a superb monument erected over her remains; but the greatest

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proof of her husband's affection is the meditation which he penned a few days after her death, which is here affixed for the entertainment of our readers, merely adapting the orthography to the present times.

"There is no cogitation to be used with intent to recover that which can never be had again; that is, to have my dear wife live again in her mortal body, which now resteth low in the earth, though her soul is taken up into heaven, there to remain in the fountain of blessedness unspeakable, until the general resurrection of all flesh! Therefore, my cogitations ought to be exercised in the following things: First, I ought to thank Almighty God for permitting her to have lived so many years with me; and that she had the knowledge of her salvation through the death of his Son Jesus Christ. I ought to comfort myself with her many virtues and godly actions, and her innumerable charitable deeds, which, though not displayed with ostentatious vanity, more completely proved the genuine piety of the heart."

It would far exceed the limits necessarily prescribed to a work of this nature, to insert the various acts of beneficence which Lord Burleigh describes; but the quotation which is already made, will be sufficient to prove the goodness of her Ladyship's heart, and the charitable turn of her mind.

II. Anna Bacon was the second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and born in the year 1528: the utmost care was bestowed upon her education; and she was no less distinguished for her natural talents, than for the variety of useful knowledge she had acquired. As a proof of the high opinion which was entertained of her abilities, she was appointed governess to Edward the Sixth; and it would have been difficult to have found another lady so completely qualified for the important trust.

The first public specimen which Lady Bacon gave of her literary talents, was the translation of five-and-

and-twenty sermons from the Italian into English: after which, she translated a work of Bishop Jewel's, written in Latin, confuting the doctrine of the Roman Catholic priests. This performance was executed in a masterly style of accuracy, and she was complimented by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the work. The time of her death is not particularly specified; but it is known that she survived her husband, and was buried at Gorhambury, in St. Michael's church.

III. Lady Elizabeth Russell, third daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was born in the year 1529, at her father's seat in Essex, called Gidd-Hall. At an early age she displayed a fondness for learning, which was encouraged by the authors of her birth; and Sir Anthony was so anxious for the improvement of his children's understandings, that though the first masters were provided, he superintended their education himself. Sir John Harington, speaking of the abilities of this lady, makes the following remarks upon the cultivation of her mind. "If Madame Victoria, the Italian, deserved to have her name transmitted to posterity by Ariosto, for writing an epitaph upon her husband's death, this learned lady deserves much greater commendation, for the superior powers of her mind." She was perfect mistress both of Greek and Latin: and Ballard, in his account of the British Worthies, speaks of her in terms of the highest praise, not only as a woman of literature and learning, but as having been endowed with uncommon powers of mind.

She was first united to Sir Thomas Hobby, who was sent Ambassador to France in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and who, dying in Paris, left her a disconsolate widow, as she had enjoyed perfect happiness in the conjugal state. To add to the affliction which this event occasioned, her Ladyship was, at the time it happened, near being confined with her fourth child; notwithstanding which, she accompanied her

husband's body to England, and had it interred in a chapel at Bisham, in Berkshire, which she erected at her own expense.

Some years after the death of Sir Thomas, Lady Hobby gave her hand to Lord John Russel, son and heir to Francis, Earl of Bedford, by whom she had one son, who died whilst a child; and two daughters, the younger of whom is said to have bled to death by the prick of a needle; and the circumstance is represented by the figure upon the monument in Westminster Abbey, which encloses her remains. A second time her Ladyship became a widow; but this was not the only distress she was destined to sustain, for the misconduct of her younger son, was a continued source of anxiety to her, as may be discovered by a letter of hers, which appears in Ballard's account of her life. This young man seems to have derived but little advantage from the pains which were bestowed upon his education, though her Ladyship was peculiarly anxious to instil virtuous principles into her children's minds, as may be proved by an extract from a dedicatory epistle to her daughter, prefixed to a religious piece which she had translated from the French.

"Most virtuous and worthily beloved daughter, even as from your birth and cradle, I was ever most careful, above any worldly thing, to have you suck the perfect milk of sincere religion; so willing to end as I began, I have left you as my last legacy this book, a most precious jewel, to the comfort of your soul." Lady Russell then proceeds, and states the reasons for publishing the work above alluded to, and concludes with the following lines, applicable to the commencement of the year.

Elizabeth Russell, Dowager, to her Daughter Ann.

"That each new year new blessings Ann may bear,
"Thy tender mother breathes her pious prayer:
"Blest be thy husband, blest thy offspring be,
"And all thy days from ev'ry ill be free!"

This work, we are informed by Lady Russell's biographer, was published in the year 1605: they likewise tell us that she was buried by the side of her first husband, and that the following inscription is engraven upon the monument which covers her remains.

" Nor tears, my friends, nor funeral rites employ;
" Ask you the cause? I soar to heavenly joy!"

IV. Catherine Killigrew, fourth daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was born about the year 1530, and was not only perfect mistress of the learned languages, but derived from nature a truly poetic taste. The sister of this lady was married to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who endeavoured to obtain for Sir Henry Killigrew (Catherine's husband) the appointment of Ambassador to the French court; but she was too tenderly attached to his person to bear the idea of his going abroad; and wrote a copy of Latin verses to her sister Mildred (Lady Burleigh) upon the occasion, which have been translated into English as follows:

If, Mildred, you from wishes kind,
My valued charge should send,
No more my soul shall own, combin'd
The sister and the friend.

If, from my eyes by thee detain'd,
The wand'rer cross the seas,
No more thy love shall soothe as friend,
No more as sister please.

His stay let Cornwall's shore engage,
And peace with Mildred dwell;
Else war with Cecil's name I'll wage!
Perpetual war! farewell!

Sir Henry Killigrew was a Cornish gentleman of large fortune, who was knighted in consequence of the services he rendered in a public employ.

The subject of these memoirs was living in the year 1576, as it is proved by the will of her father, which is dated at that time, but the exact time of her own dissolution is not named. On

On the Misery which arises from a Love of Dissipation extending its baneful Influence to the middling Order of Mankind.

AMIDST the various evils which affect society, and sap the foundation of conjugal delights, to the present prevailing passion for dissipation, I venture to assert, that the chief one may be ascribed. By this mania of the mind, how many domestic duties are infringed upon! how many heartfelt pleasures are sacrificed at Dissipation's unhallowed shrine! The soft ties of nature are no longer able to bind the fashionable parent to her offspring, and pleasure becomes the *business*, instead of the *recreation* of life!

This evil, which used to be confined to the higher classes of individuals, has extended its baneful influence into mediocrity's once happy sphere; and even the wife of the humble mechanic is led astray by example's *ignis-fatuus* light. Those domestic occupations which once formed the happiness of females, whom fortune had placed in the middling rank of life, are now thought beneath the dignity of a woman, who, in point of *dress*, actually vies with the wife of a duke. The consequence of this total dereliction from propriety, the prudent and industrious husband must easily foresee; but remonstrance and persuasion prove equally unavailing, when the love of gaiety once takes possession of the mind.

If the mischief extended no farther than the total ruin of the husband's fortune, it doubtless might be considered as one which every susceptible mind must deplore; but, alas! the consequences are still more lamentable, and the sins of the parent are too often punished in the child.

The tradesman's wife, who considers herself a person of too much consequence to perform those little domestic duties which such a station must impose, is desirous of bestowing those frivolous accomplishments upon her daughters, which at once evinces her own folly, and are the frequent cause of their disgrace.

grace. Was I called upon to assign a cause for those numberless unfortunate females who are a disgrace to the police of the metropolis, and a pest in every street, I would ascribe it to the injudicious mode of education, and to the variety of petty boarding-schools, which I consider but as hot-beds for the growth of vice.

Never do I behold the signal-board of *Young Ladies Educated*, without shuddering at the bare thought of the future mischiefs which may spring from that source: for is it likely that the accomplished miss, upon quitting her music, dancing, and French masters, will condescend to become active, or useful, at home? We will for a moment suppose that her parents will not require domestic exertions from her; but will they not expect to receive those little affectionate attentions which filial fondness should inspire? Instead of which, they will find they have been laying up a store of misery; and where they looked for respect, and gratitude, they will find themselves despised. The remark of Pope's, that a little learning is dangerous, is here exemplified in the fullest degree; for the young lady fancies herself much wiser than her parents, and treats their want of superficial accomplishments with contempt. Instead of finding in her parents the pleasure of companionship, the unfortunate girl has imbibed ideas which they cannot comprehend, and the circulating library alone affords her entertainment, and corrupts her heart, without improving her head. If, to render her situation in life more pitiable, Nature should have bestowed any personal charms, in all probability she will fall a victim to the specious gallantry of some libertine, who flatters her senses, and intoxicates her with praise.

Unfortunately for these ill-fated females, this is no imaginary representation; and many a parent, who reads these observations, will feel their force; for I have been led into this train of reflection by a circumstance which recently occurred. From delicacy

to

to the parties concerned, I shall conceal their names under that of Dawson. For the father of the luckless Eliza I entertain the highest esteem: industry and application have marked him as a worthy character; although he suffered his better judgment to be overruled by his wife. Dawson's father had long kept a shoemaker's shop in London, in one of the principal streets; and so many years had he worked for our family, that I generally treated him with a familiarity which was unusual towards persons in his line of life. Upwards of four years have elapsed since I called at his shop, to give an order. A hackney-coach was standing at the door, into which he was handing his wife and daughter; the latter of whom appeared to be about fourteen.

"Dawson, (said I jocosely,) why, you soon will keep your carriage! Your wife is dressed as *fine* as any *Lord's*. I wish, my good man, you would teach me your business; for it certainly must be of a very profitable kind."

"As to the profits, Sir, (he replied, with a shrug of the shoulder,) those, I assure you, are easily expended upon my wife and daughter's dress. Curse on the pleasures of this gay town, I am sure I may say; but my mother never could bear the thought of running her husband into debt!"

I was struck with the beauty of the poor fellow's daughter; and could not help asking him a few questions respecting his family affairs; and found that, contrary to his wishes, Miss Eliza had spent the two last years at what he termed a *celebrated school*. "My mother and sisters, to be sure, (said he,) were useful in the business; but my wife, Sir, is above such mean employ; and as to my Betsey, (but it's well she did not hear me,) I mean my *Eliza*, she has had a boarding-school education, and can play upon the *arpe*; and I am sure it does me good to hear her, after I have done my work."

"But, my good fellow, (said I,) do you not think playing upon the harp an improper acquisition for the

the daughter of a man in your station of life? It certainly will be no recommendation in the eyes of a *husband*, if he is a man of prudence and sense."

"Ah, Sir! (replied he,) that is what I have often said to my wife; but then she tells me that she is sure the girl will marry some man of fortune; and she has long had her eye upon one of the officers in the guards." I thought it a duty incumbent upon me to convince the deluded parent, that no officer in the guards would think of marrying a shoemaker's child: he might probably wish to make a mistress of her, as Nature had bestowed upon her no small portion of charms.

Near five years have elapsed since this conversation took place between us. I again had occasion to call at the shop. Miss was playing upon her harp in a little back parlour, and I civilly inquired if she knew whether my order was done. This question I should not have put to a young lady of her appearance, had there been any person in the shop; and I felt no small degree of indignation at her telling me she never troubled her head about her Papa's affairs; but if I would wait a few minutes, some of the journeymen would come in.

I was too much provoked at this marked piece of inattention to her father's interest, to wait for the return of those who were able to give me a satisfactory reply; and darting out of the shop in a moment of passion, I resolved never to employ the poor fellow again. A few hours of cool reflection, however, soon convinced me that this would be acting in a most unjustifiable way; and, instead of punishing the children for the sins of their parents, it was punishing a father for the unjustifiable behaviour of his child. The first time, therefore, that business required my attention in that part of the metropolis, I again called at Dawson's house. Confusion was visible in the countenance of every person; but that of poor Dawson was the very image of despair. "Oh, Sir! (exclaimed he, in accents the most impassioned,) had I

but

but minded what you told me, I should never have seen this day! My poor deluded girl ran away from us this very morning with one of the officers of the guards! You, Sir, as a father, I am sure, will feel for me. Oh, God! what a dreadful stroke is this! Better had it been that she had died in the cradle. But, to bring disgrace upon us! Oh! it is *that* which breaks my heart."

This simple but affecting appeal to my feelings, I listened to with commiseration, but not with surprise; for I had anticipated the stroke which awaited the unfortunate Dawson, which was entirely to be ascribed to the foolish pride of his wife. A sentiment far superior to curiosity induced me to ask the particulars of this unfortunate affair, when, drawing the following letter from his pocket with trembling nerves, he put it into my hands.

"My dear Papa,

"I suppose you will be astonished at my unexpected flight; but I could no longer live without my dearest Captain; and his father would never consent to my becoming his wife.

"The Captain often told me you had such *old fashioned notions*, that I must not let you into our scheme; yet, as I am going to be happy, I hope you will not give yourself any uneasiness about me. Think, my dear papa, what a sweet woman was Eloisa! Yet she, you know, despised the marriage tie. How often have you listened to that charming poem, even till tears have fell from your eyes:

"Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No—make me *mistress* to the man I love."

"My dear Captain—(No, I must henceforward call him, beloved Edward,) tells me, that I shall live the life of a queen; and he has completely convinced me that marriage was only intended to bind mercenary souls.

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

How

How often has my dear Edward sworn eternal fidelity to me; and how much more binding do I consider his *word*, than any engagement under the sanction of a priest!

"We are going, my dearest father, to make the tour of England; and, to prevent all discovery, we have changed our names: so pray do not think of following us, as all pursuit, depend upon it, will be vain. Remember me affectionately to my mother, and believe me to be

"Your *dutiful* daughter,

"ELIZA D——."

Here then was not only a proof of a mind corrupted by false principles, but actually lost to all sense of shame, and even glorying in those vices at which she ought to have blushed. Oh, Pope! Pope! I exclaimed involuntarily, what dangerous principles were propagated in thy representation of Eloisa and Abelard! "I pity you from my heart, (said I, turning to the unfortunate father;) but vain would be all pursuit after your deluded child. Time, perhaps, may produce an alteration in her sentiments; and, like the prodigal in the sacred writings, she may fly repentant to your arms: in that case, I trust, they will be open to receive her; for recollect, my good fellow, she is not solely to blame."

"Oh, no, (replied the agonized parent;) too plainly do I see the folly of my wife: she it was who filled the poor girl's head full of grandeur; and because I could give her a few hundreds, made her feel above trade. However, poor soul, she suffers enough; and I will never reproach her: we ought not to tread under foot the bruised reed: what is past cannot be prevented; and I hope God will enable me to bear this most dreadful of all strokes."

Though I am aware that there is not any thing extraordinary in the fate of Eliza Dawson, yet a simple relation of domestic misfortunes, frequently make a

stronger impression upon the mind, than the most highly varnished fictitious tale; and I cannot help indulging the hope, that it may act as a beacon to warn the inconsiderate mother against instilling vanity into the bosom of her child.

The censure I have passed upon *petty boarding schools*, will, I hope, not be misapprehended; for I would not have it supposed, that I mean to condemn every establishment of the kind; yet, what business, let me ask, can the daughter of an humble mechanic have with *accomplishments?* who ought merely to have their attentions directed towards acquiring a knowledge of all the duties of domestic life. If, instead of teaching girls of this description, French, music, and embroidery, they were instructed in the arts of housewifery, plain-work, reading, and accompts, then might these institutions become beneficial to society; but, under the present mode of regulation, they must be considered as a pest.

THE GRAVE OF NARCISSA.

THE celebrated Dr. Young, in one of his "Nights," expresses the sorrow with which he tore himself from the grave of his daughter, which he feared would be unknown, and trodden under foot; and he regrets, that he could not engrave upon it an inscription, which would preserve her memory. Whatever belongs to a great man, inspires us with respect; and the remains of Narcissa have been preserved with pious care.

The following anecdote is but little known; and I am indebted for it to M. Banal, Master of the "Jardin des Plantes" at Montpelier. I was walking with my friend Banal in the "Jardin des Plantes," and we were come to the foot of a terrace, shaded with cypress, when the good gardener told me in what veneration he held this spot. "My father," said he, "had obtained possession of this little inclosure, and had dedicated it to the cultivation of choice plants. This

This grotto, which you see, was then filled up, and I resolved to clean it out, and make it a place fit for repose. We had at that time in our service an old man, named Mercier, who assisted my father in his business: to him I told my project, and we both set to work. Surprised at some signs of emotion which escaped him, I asked him the cause. "This place contains a very sad deposit," said he, with tears in his eyes. My curiosity was excited; I pressed him to tell me what he knew of an event of which I had never heard before, and he proceeded thus. "It is now many years since a young English lady, who was in a very ill state of health, was brought here by her father; but neither the pure air of this climate, nor the assistance of the best physicians, could re-establish her constitution. After languishing some months, she died. This lady was not a Catholic, for which reason, they refused to admit the corpse into any public burial-ground. Her inconsolable father obtained, with difficulty, and through favor, a corner in this inclosure: but it was still necessary to use precaution; and it was in the night that we introduced him and the body into the garden. This grotto seemed to him a fit place to receive the remains of the dear girl. I opened a grave. You must paint to yourself (for I cannot describe) the anguish of this unhappy father, holding his daughter on his knees, and directing the faint rays of a dark lanthorn upon her livid face: you may conceive his stifled sighs—the inanimate form which he pressed to his heart—and the horror with which he cast his eyes on the grave which was ready to hide that form from him for ever. The unhappy man addressed himself, to me, implored my pity, and solicited consolation, in plaintive accents. The moon was in her decline, and shone feebly from time to time, through openings in the clouds, between intervals of silence and darkness. I at last took the young girl in my arms; and the wretched father, a prey to his sorrow, perceived not the moment when the grave was closed by my hands.

'She lies there,' said he, striking the place with his foot: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he could not proceed."

Some time after this, Monsieur de Balainvilliers, Intendant of Languedoc, came to make some botanical researches in this garden. I excited his curiosity by the recital of this anecdote; he appeared struck, and immediately fetched a very beautiful edition of Young's Night Thoughts, that I might judge of the likeness of the frontispiece to this grotto, and to what I had related to him. "There is no doubt," said he, "but that this is the grave of Narcissa! This place will be venerated by every man of sensibility; the eloquent sorrow of a father has rendered it sacred." The noise of this discovery spread abroad; and soon after, there arrived Lord and Lady Camelford, to bestow upon this grave the tribute of their respect and sensibility. They obtained permission to make an excavation; and when the bones were found, M. Vigaroux, a learned surgeon, judged them to be those of a young woman fifteen or sixteen years of age. This opinion did not leave any doubt. The precious remains were inclosed in an urn, and carefully replaced by the care of those respectable English personages.

When the "insatiate archer's" dart
Had pierc'd Philander to the heart,
Could aught the sad Narcissa find
T' excite a wish to stay behind?

For as the floweret's beauteous head,
When sever'd from its native bed,
Soon pines away, and droops, and dies,
So sunk in death her sparkling eyes.

And though where poor Narcissa sleeps,
No sculptur'd angel o'er her weeps,
These flowers to bloom yet Nature gave,
To deck with sweets her early grave.

And though no solemn mournful train
Bewail'd the virtues death had ta'en,—
The tears a sorrowing father shed,
Was Virtue's tribute better paid.

F. ARTAUD.

Family Disagreements the frequent cause of immoral Conduct.

AFTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes. And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our fire-sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we act in sight of the world; and so, very heroically, reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition; but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasurable, find an ample scope for proper exertion. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation, as the bird, after fluttering in the air, descends into her nest, to partake and increase its genial warmth with her young ones. Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dullness and insipidity. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition from the negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill-

humour, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others—Trifles light as air, are able to kindle the blaze of contention. By frequent conflicts, and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connections, is entirely lost: and the faint affection which remains, is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passions. Farewell peace and tranquillity, and chearful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle. The nest which should preserve a perpetual warmth, by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affection, is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it, are substituted thorns and briars. The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolour that stream, which, in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.

But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissention. I mean more particularly to suggest, that family dissention, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of moral misconduct.

When the several parts which compose a family, find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence, to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination. The son arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire-side. If he lives in the city, he will fly for refuge to company; and, in the end, it is very probable he will form some unhappy connection, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money. Money, it is probable, cannot be procured honestly but from the

the parent; but money must at all events be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their proper punishments, pain, shame, and death!

But though the consequences are are not always such as the operation of human laws produces, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue. Misery is, indeed, the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude; but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness; as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown strikes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable. Their violent passions, and defective experience, render them disobedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently, as often to destroy the force of filial affection. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and, perhaps, with too little command of temper; for who can always hold the reins? Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor, and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues. It is, however, certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavour to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence: for man at every age seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age. He should, indeed, maintain his authority; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing, it will not be long deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more heinous in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue, and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed, the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause, as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited, and directed by good sense, is the best. It ought, indeed, to be steady, but not rigid: and every pleasure which is innocent in itself, and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance, which a delicate and sensible parent will judge necessary to be used in the care of a daughter.

To what wickedness, as well as wretchedness, matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek that enjoyment, which is denied him at home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance. Nor can female corruption be wondered at, though it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when, in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should warm, hatred is found to rankle. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to that desperate dissoluteness, and carelessness in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace, and fortune.

But it avails little to point out evils, without recommending a remedy. One of the first rules which suggests itself, is, that families should endeavour,

by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves, that not only the enjoyment, but the virtue of every individual, greatly depends on a cordial union. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavour to promote it: and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may, indeed, be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper; but where there is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rupture.

It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a gross familiarity, even where the connection is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted as to love respect. It would, indeed, be unnatural in very intimate friends, to behave to each other with stiffness: but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, that tend to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt, when it deviates into excessive familiarity. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.

But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition, or avarice; but that we should be equally attentive to our behaviour among those who can only pay us by reciprocal love. We must shew the sincerity of our principles and professions, by acting consistently with them, not only in the legislature, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the fire-side.

C.

THE RETIRED CITIZEN.

'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace:
Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant, is a mind distress'd.
COWPER.

WHEN we are discontented with ourselves, there is a gratification in communicating the source of our discontent to others; and if any one appears to participate in our troubles, we fancy they are relieved in the same proportion. This is all the excuse I have to offer for laying before the readers of the Museum, the cause of my disquietude.

The days of my early childhood were past amidst the delightful scenes of a rural village. With the freshness of the breeze I inhaled health and gaiety: They were days, the recollection of which can even now, cause emotions of delight. The birds, that sung at my window, awoke me to be as cheerful as themselves: Every day brought new pleasures, unmixed with cares. The prospect of the future produced no anxiety, for I had felt no care: the retrospection of the past caused no pain, for I had felt no sorrow. I then, indeed, was happy, though unconscious of the blessing.

From this dream of felicity (for such it now seems) I was roused by my father's informing me, that a wealthy relation in town had consented to my being placed with him, to assist him in his business; and that I was to leave home the following week. This information, however, produced little regret. London I conceived to be the seat of grandeur and pleasure—the fountain of wealth and prosperity: yet it was not without some tears that I bade adieu to the scenes and companions of my youth, and seated myself on the top of the stage which was to convey me to the metropolis. We arrived in town late in the evening; but

but the next morning, as soon as my bewildered imagination would allow me to find out where I was, I hastily arose to take a view, from a four-story window, of the wonders I had so often heard described. Early impressions are often lasting; and I still remember the sensations I felt, on beholding the innumerable stacks of chimneys, tiled roofs, and clouds of smoke, which I beheld. My imagination recoiling from such a scene, fled to the beloved scenes of pleasure I had left; and when I recollected the cheerful village, the rural green, and my father's white cottage peeping from among the trees, the contrast was too great to be supported, and I burst into tears.

On reflection, however, I knew complaint would be in vain; and I felt some repugnance to go back among my old companions, whose envy I had excited, by relating the great things I was going to see: but what chiefly reconciled me, was the consideration, that, as London was the place to get rich in, I should in time have it in my power to gratify the longing I felt towards rural scenes, where alone, I conceived, happiness could be enjoyed. I therefore set about the pursuits of business with eagerness, and listened with particular attention, when I heard how any one had acquired a large fortune; though sometimes a sigh would escape me, when I compared the confinement I endured, to the liberty and indulgence I had enjoyed at home. Still, however, I went on in hope; and custom, in some measure, rendered business less irksome, and I even began to take some pleasure in the bustle around me. I began to feel no small degree of complacency, when able to direct a countryman to any particular street he wanted; and could even talk with some degree of importance about Gazettes Extraordinary, and the price of Stocks: rural retirement was still, however, my favorite object; and often, while standing behind the counter, my thoughts were rambling to the green, the scene of my early sports; the trees I had climbed,

the

the playfellows I had left, were all before me: then would I consider what kind of house I would build when I should be independent, and where it should stand to command the best prospect; till the voice of my master, or the arrival of a customer, broke my reverie, and brought me back in a moment to cambrics and calicoes, to smoke and to London.

I had imbibed a great relish for poetry, and more especially such as treated of rural subjects. I used often, when business was over, to retire to my chamber, and pore, with unfeigned admiration and delight, over the pages of Pope's Pastorals, or Thomson's Seasons, and would even sometimes rise from my seat in a kind of rapture, and open my casement: but, alas! no enchanting scenes of Nature, "in her green array," met my eyes; and I soon returned to my book, to dwell on scenes, the contemplation of which caused so much delight. Thus would I sit till the flame of my candle, flashing in the socket, sent me to bed, to dream of shady groves, nibbling flocks, and purling streams.

By constant assiduity, however, I began to grow in importance with my master, and to find that the bustle of business was not without its pleasures. My rural reveries were less frequent than formerly, and business occupied nearly the whole of my attention. Still, however, I kept the same object in view when acting for myself: I was industrious, that I might enjoy leisure; I sought riches, in order to retreat to the sweets of rural retirement. I always, therefore, when any of my acquaintances were expatiating on the enjoyment of immense wealth and city honours, would declaim on the happiness and independance of a country gentleman; would set forth, with much warmth, the preference of a country mansion, and rural sports, to the enjoyment of crowded rooms, and city dinners; and grew so animated in describing the comforts and pleasures of a rural retreat, that I almost obscured, to the eyes

of

of my opponents, the dazzling grandeur of a Sheriff's chariot, or the paraphernalia of a Lord Mayor's Day.

At length the time arrived when I thought myself sufficiently rich to put my long-projected scheme in execution. I had never married, lest the expenses attending a family should debar me from my favorite project; I therefore considered myself intitled to consult nothing but my own inclination. I disposed of my mercantile concerns, went down to my native country, purchased land, and chose a spot for my house; all which amused me, and helped to keep up my spirits, which I sometimes imagined, were not so good as formerly. I superintended the workmen employed on my estate, but could not help thinking they were making a job of me, because I was reputed rich. At length, however, my house was finished; my grounds laid out in the manner I directed: and I pleased myself with the thoughts that I was a happy man.

But I soon began to find that I had been forming a dream of felicity in my mind, which was by no means realised. My house and grounds, when the novelty of them was gone, ceased to please; yet I was ashamed to alter them. I had often described with enthusiasm, to my city friends, the pleasures of the chase; I therefore bought a hunter, and became a subscriber to a pack of hounds; but soon found it was not an amusement to my taste. The more my companions seemed to enjoy it, the more I felt chagrined that I could not share in their pleasure: whenever they spoke to one another, I fancied they were making sarcastic remarks on my horsemanship; and if they paid me any attention, that it was for the sake of a good dinner at my expense. If I discoursed with them on the beauty of the scenery around us, I perceived I only excited their derision and contempt. The verdure of the fields afforded them no delight, but as they contributed to their profit; the lofty woods were unnoticed, except to compute

compute the value of the timber; the flocks which whitened the hills, were only admired for what they would fetch in the market; and I usually parted from them disgusted to find that the beauties of nature, spread out before them, could excite no other emotions, than those with which I had been used to contemplate a bale of goods.

I now chiefly confine myself to the company of my own reflections, and my books; despising my boorish neighbours, yet by no means satisfied with myself; and am looked upon by them as a morose, odd kind of fellow, too covetous to enter into the joys of good fellowship. I now look back with as much regret to the time when every day brought with it its necessary duties, as I then looked forward with pleasure to ease and retirement. I have written this, I frankly confess, more with a view of diverting the spleen I so often feel disposed to indulge, than from any laudable motive; yet it may teach some, not to be forming in their minds, schemes of future felicity, greater than the unsatisfying nature of human affairs will admit; lest, like me, they find the expectation afford more real pleasure than the possession.

CORNELIUS CRABSTICK.

ANECDOTE OF MANLIUS CURIUS.

MANLIUS Curius, the noblest Roman of the age in which he lived, having vanquished several warlike nations, driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, and enjoyed three times the honor of a triumph, retired to his cottage in the country, and there cultivated, with his own victorious hands, his little farm; where, when the ambassadors from the Samnites arrived to offer him a large present of gold, he was found, seated in his chimney-corner, dressing turnips. The noble recluse refused the present, and gave the ambassadors this answer: "A man that can be satisfied with such a supper, has no need of gold; and I think it more glorious to conquer the owners of it, than to possess it myself."

PAULIN;

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

I WAS born in the village of Beuvry, in Artois. My parents were poor, but strictly honest. I was but seven years old when I had the misfortune to lose them. The curate of Beuvry, a man of enlightened piety, and who had a feeling and generous soul, took me into his parsonage house. I attended at mass, and ran his errands. I assisted him in gardening, with which he amused himself after his avocations, as far as the weakness of my age would permit.

This worthy pastor taught me to read and write; and, in all probability, his tender care of me would not have ended here, had not death unexpectedly taken him from me.

I was eleven years old, tall enough for my age, and blessed with a healthy and robust constitution, which received daily strength by moderate labor. Overcome with grief for the loss of him who supplied the place of those parents of whom death had deprived me, I determined to leave the village.

One morning, at break of day, with my little bundle on my shoulder, and about fifteen franks* in my fob, I took the route of Dunkirk, with the fair hope of being able to earn my bread there.

Arrived in that town, I inspired the master of the inn I first stopped at, with a lively interest for me. He was a worthy man, about sixty, born in the same village of Beuvry, and who felt that benevolence for me which a good heart naturally feels for his own countrymen.

"Hear me, my little Paulin," said M. Bertrand to me, (for that was the name of my host:) "Thy figure announces honesty and intelligence: thou art

* Same as a livre, 10d.

poor, and an orphan: labor is thy only lot and resource. In this country, as in every other in the world, with understanding and a willing mind, one may find wherewith to occupy ones self. To-morrow I will take thee on the Quay, and introduce thee to a factor, who will employ thee: thou wilt gain little in the beginning, but enough to provide for thy first wants. I will lodge thee gratuitously; and pay part of thy expenses, if thou art but a good lad."

I expressed to M. Bertrand all the gratitude my young heart was capable of; and the manner in which it was done, affected this good old man even to tears. His wife (the best tempered of Flemish women) encouraged me to merit her husband's kindness; assuring me, on her part, she would do me all the service in her power.

I went to rest, after an agreeable supper with my worthy hosts, and felt such sweet sensations from the happy reception I met with from these honest people, as made my tears flow abundantly with the most lively joy. Nature had given me a heart replete with desire to make myself worthy of the attentions they paid me. My sleep was sweet and tranquil: I awoke at break of day, with a strong determination to occupy it in the most assiduous labor. The good man Bertrand, flattered by my vigilance, made me breakfast, and afterwards accompanied me to the port: there he presented me to a commission-master, or factor, requesting him to put my understanding and activity to the proof.

Every thing concurred to render me the happiest of orphans. M. Paul, to whom my host recommended me, expressed a pleasure in employing me. "Come, child, (said he,) come, let us be going: thou shalt carry the small parcels, and follow Nicolas, who is here, and will teach thee to know the town, and then thou wilt be able to act alone."

My

My host having left me with the master commissioner, I followed Nicolas, a tall, strong boy, of an equal temper enough, although a little dull. I needed but a short time to learn the houses of the merchants and tradespeople, as well as all the hotels in the town.

Extremely sober, laborious, and economical, I found myself, after one year's labor, provided with clothes and linen, and the sum of one hundred and twenty-six franks in my private purse. My host and hostess attached themselves more and more to their little *protégé*, and I enjoyed the intimate confidence of my master the commissioner.

Every moment that was not employed at work, was employed in perfecting myself in writing and figures. I attained to my eighteenth year, happy and satisfied. It is from this epocha I began to feel sensations arise in my soul, which till then were unknown to me; but I was not slow in unfolding them. My heart, naturally sensible, was already disposed of, and love had already declared in favor of Henrietta, shopwoman to a grocer's widow. This widow, whose name was Madame Molard, had known me some years, as an intelligent and faithful errand boy: she perceived the reciprocal passion which existed between Henrietta and me; and as she perceived nothing in our sentiments, but a lawful end, she left us to the full enjoyment of them. She even extended her goodness so far, as to propose to me the situation of one of her clerks, who was going to leave her. I accepted her proposition with gratitude; and at the year's end, she was so satisfied with my zeal, that she promised to unite me with Henrietta when I should have attained my twenty-first year; assuring me, that Henrietta's uncle would not refuse his consent to the match.

This promise encouraged me in such a manner, that, had I been able to do more than I did, nothing would have appeared difficult to me.

Henrietta's uncle was a seafaring man, almost always from home, and having no child, loved her as his own daughter. Henrietta possessed a very agreeable countenance, though not a very regular one: her person was well shaped, but of middle stature; a lively eye; her character was cold: she carried economy beyond its just limits; interest was her governing passion; and any service that required the sacrifice of a crown from her could make no impression on her heart, was it even her dearest friend. The knowledge I had of her inclination to avarice, was to me a source of real displeasure: in vain I endeavoured to root it out; she heard me, indeed, without ill-humour; but she remained incorrigible.

I attained at last my twenty-first year; and Madame Molard having already obtained the consent of Henrietta's uncle, felt a desire to fulfil her promise, when an apoplexy took her away from us.

This event plunged both Henrietta and me into the most heartfelt grief. We regretted the loss of a mistress who cherished us as if we had been her own children. Madame Molard had no heir, but in the collateral line, who living on his own estate, advertised the house and shop to be sold.

We kept three clerks, two shopwomen, and three boys. The heir of Madame Molard judged it agreeable to his interest not only to keep open the warehouse, but to let us remain with him on the same footing as with his relation, under the direction of the first clerk; a man of probity, and possessing all requisite knowledge and experience for the business of a grocer.

About fifteen days after Madame Molard's death, an Englishman presented himself at the counter, and asked to speak with her, and was greatly surprized to hear she was dead. I was struck with the visible alteration in his countenance on hearing this news; he stood apparently stupified, with all his faculties suspended. When come a little to himself, he asked

to speak to the person who succeeded to the business. I told him that, until then, the house had remained under the direction of our first clerk, to whom I introduced him. Having left them in private, I returned to my occupations. The conversation of the head clerk and the Englishman lasted above half an hour; the latter quitted the house with symptoms of the heaviest grief. Naturally possessed of sensibility, I could not help feeling greatly concerned for this Englishman and his situation, although I knew him not; I felt a strong desire to know the cause of such deep affliction: it was not that simple curiosity which agitates most men, but the struggles of an affectionate heart, that strongly desires to relieve the sorrows of his fellow-creatures. Our first clerk shewed by his eyes, that his conversation with the Englishman had something painful in it. Henrietta, who was sitting behind the counter, observed, like myself, the surprise and grief the stranger manifested when he heard of the death of Madame Molard, and she was doubtless curious to know the motives of it. "M. Durant, (said she to the head clerk,) your conversation with the Englishman who is just gone, appears to affect you much!"—"Yes, I am sorry for the distressing situation in which he finds himself: I know not how he will be able to extricate himself; and it is certainly a very great misfortune for him that Madame Molard is dead.—"Why?"—"Had she been living, I do not doubt but the Englishman would have obtained the sum which he is so much in want of."—"She knew him then?"—"Most certainly; for he has given me proofs that his family was perfectly known to our mistress."—"The sum is large which he wants, without doubt?"—"It is, indeed; six thousand franks! and if he procures it not in twenty-four hours, he must go to prison."—"But has he no other friend in the town?"—"He is not acquainted with any merchant personally; and none of those to whom he has addressed himself, although

his family and name appear to be known, will run the risque of advancing this sum."—"Well, then, he must go to prison."—"To prison! (I exclaimed.) O, my dear Henrietta, can you pronounce the name of such a dwelling with indifference?"—"You would have me distress myself, M. Paulin, would you not, for this Englishman?"—"All who are in distress, Henrietta, have a claim to our pity."—"What can I do for him? I have not the sum he wants; and if I had, I would not lend it him."—"I can spare it, (said the first clerk;) but, notwithstanding the good opinion I have of the Englishman, I do not feel disposed to assist him, because I want it for my own establishment."—"That is very reasonable, (said Henrietta.) Come, M. Paulin, let us forget the Englishman: it is supper time, and time to shut the warehouse."

The cruel situation of a stranger, at the mercy of events, in a town where he found himself abandoned to all the rigours of his fate, caused in me the most sorrowful reflections: I sat at table without power to eat. Henrietta, who perceived it, did not cease to rally me on what she called my foolish and ridiculous sensibility: but I must acknowledge her rallying tone, though it pierced my soul, only added to the interest I felt for the fate of the Englishman. I interrogated M. Durant on the nature of the circumstances that occasioned the distress of the man who inspired me with so violent a desire to see him escape from his threatened confinement.

"Captain Wilkes, (said M. Durant,) who commanded a merchant vessel, returning from India, and dispatched before the declaration of war between France and England, was taken by a privateer of this town: he protested against the validity of the capture. The admiralty declared her a fair and lawful prize. The ship's crew, however, were not declared prisoners of war. Captain Wilkes was obliged to send his crew home; but not having the necessa-

ry

ry means, negociated, with M. Broucke, merchant of this town, a draft of six thousand franks upon M. Waneck, of Ostend; this draft did not reach the person who was to pay the money at Ostend, until two hours after he was declared a bankrupt. The bill being returned, M. Broucke signified to Captain Wilkes his wish to be repaid. The Captain told him it was absolutely impossible, as he had disposed of the money to defray the expenses of his crew to England. M. Broucke insisted on being reimbursed; and all that the English Captain could obtain, was a delay, which expires on Monday, the day after to-morrow. The poor Captain has applied to many commercial houses in this town without success; and recollecting the name of Madame Molard, with whom some of his family were acquainted, he came here, thinking she would furnish him with the means of reimbursement, or might consent to give bail for him to his creditor."

"It must be acknowledged, (replied I,) that M. Waneck's bankruptcy plunges this stranger into a very great embarrassment."—"You feel, M. Paulin, a great interest for this Englishman?"—"I feel for him, my dear Henrietta, the interest that a good heart always feels for those who suffer the reverses of fortune."—"By so doing, you will never want numberless causes of affliction: Are not you almost tempted, at all events, to go, and offer him your services?"—"Do you not think, my dear Henrietta, that, if such was my intention, it would be infinitely praise-worthy?"—"For such conduct, you would deserve never to have a single farthing in your possession."—"Do not vex yourself, (said M. Durant.) I know M. Paulin; he has an excellent heart; but he has too much prudence to hazard the fruit of ten years economy."—"If he was seriously capable of such an extravagance, I protest that he may consider our marriage as at an end."—"Can it be possible, Henrietta, that you would break your engagements with

with me for doing a laudable action?"—"A laudable action! a laudable action! Upon my word, I can scarce believe that you are in your right senses?"

Henrietta pronounced these words with an inflection of voice which announced the greatest displeasure: She immediately left the table, darting a look at me that visibly shewed the agitation of her mind. I rose also at the same time, and laying hold of her hand, endeavoured to stop her; but she hastily disengaged herself from me, saying, "Leave me! leave me! I will have no connexion with such an extravagant man as you."—"But, my dear Henrietta, condescend to hear me: allow me to explain my intentions: people are never condemned without being heard."—"I have but too well understood you; I know your character. Ruin yourself; you are your own master; as for me, I am determined."

The first clerk, the only witness of this scene, burst out into a hearty laugh: As to me, I was petrified. Although I knew Henrietta to be very interested, I did not think her capable of being led away so violently upon the simple appearance of an event which might not happen. I retired to my chamber, and acknowledge frankly, that my reflections dwelt stronger on the situation of Captain Wilkes than my altercation with Henrietta.

By the generous cares of my friends M. Bertrand and his wife, who made the most of my money for me, by placing it in the hands of people of probity, and my own economy, I had amassed a capital of about eight thousand franks. Lovers disguise nothing; Henrietta considered this sum, in addition to what she had herself saved, and the marriage portion she expected from her uncle, as sure means of forming an advantageous establishment. The knowledge she had of my disposition to oblige, made her alarmed by the interest I appeared to take in the fate of the unfortunate Captain. This alarm was not without foundation; and I must acknowledge, that as

soon

soon as I knew that six thousand franks would set Captain Wilkes at liberty, my resolution to offer him that sum was irrevocably fixed. He who proposes to do a generous action towards one of his fellow-creatures, experiences such exquisite sensations, as may be felt, but cannot easily be described. It will then be easily conceived, that I passed the night without being able to sleep, and waited for the day with the greatest impatience.

As soon as it began to dawn, I hastened to dress myself, and leave the house. Every circumstance was favorable to me: it was Sunday, and the warehouse not required to be opened; for which reason the day was at my own disposal. Gratitude had accustomed me every holiday, to pay my first visit to the generous people who had received me into their house on my arrival at Dunkirk, and to whose cares I owed my small fortune. These good people considered me as if I had been their child; and my tenderness for them most assuredly was equal to that of the most respectful and submissive son.

Father Bertrand and his spouse were a little surprised to see me so early. I told them I would explain the motive at breakfast; in fulfilment of which promise, as soon as breakfast was served, I related to them what had happened to Captain Wilkes, describing to them the unfortunate situation to which he was reduced, and the sincere desire I had to assist him by advancing the six thousand franks which he wanted.

Father Bertrand and his wife seemed amazed, and looked upon me with that kind of stupor which a person feels when struck by an extraordinary event. "You are silent, my good friends," said I. "It is because my wife and I cannot conceive, my dear Paulin, how thou darest to risque almost thy whole property."—"You think, then, that the honest and unfortunate man, whom I wish to oblige, will deceive me?"—"Ah! my dear Paulin, I do not say so; I do not

not know the gentleman. I have heard his affairs well spoken of; I believe him an honest man; but six thousand franks is a great sum."—"Hear me, my dear husband: M. Paulin would do a generous action: he has a good heart; he is happy, and he deserves to be so; and we ought not to hinder him from liberating this English Captain, by dissuading him from lending him this money. But my advice is, before we decide, that we all three go to the holy mass; there let us pray to God, and the Holy and Good Virgin, to inspire us."—"Thou art right, wife, and hast well said; let us go, my brave Paulin, let us walk to church; and when we return, we will see what is to be done."

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE INFANT ROSCIUS.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dec. 1.

To-night Doctor BROWN's Tragedy of *Barbarosse* was revived at this Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Master BETTY, or, as he is called, the *Infant Roscius*, to a London audience.

In this play, the character of ACHMET is almost every thing. His mother, ZAPHIRA, and his mistress, IRENE, divide but a small part of the interest; and the declamatory rage of the tyrant BARBAROSSA is incapable of producing any strong effect upon the audience. The character of ACHMET, on the contrary, abounds with a variety of interesting situations, and partakes, only in a small degree, of the general imperfections of the piece. The loud fame which preceded Master BETTY's arrival in London, produced a degree of curiosity unknown in the annals of the Theatrical

Theatrical world. So early as twelve o'clock in the day, the approaches to the various parts of the Theatre were besieged with people clamorous for admission, and between one and two they became crowded. The managers, anticipating this result, had taken every precaution against its consequences. An introductory address was written by Mr. TAYLOR; but the noise and clamour were so great, that it was impossible to ascertain, in a remote part of the house, how or to what extent Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE was able to deliver it. The scene thus opened, but the tumult did not subside. The audience could not let down their minds to the business, and were all impatient for a view of the only object which they thought worth enjoying. At the end of the second act, expectation was raised to its highest pitch, and the INFANT ROSCIUS presented himself amidst a thunder of applause. He received the animated expressions and greetings of the admiring audience with a prepossessing modesty, and then proceeded to the business of the stage. He introduced himself to BARBAROSSA with judgment, and shewed great discrimination in the same scene, where he sounds OTHMAN, and finding him loyal, and attached to his person, discovers himself in these words—

"I do commend thy faith. And, since thou lov'st him,
I'll whisper to thee, that, with honest guile,
I have deceiv'd this tyrant, Barbarossa—
Selim is yet alive."

Nothing could be more beautiful than the manner in which he conceived and executed this passage. His mistrust and anxiety in the beginning of his conversation with OTHMAN, and the joy brightening upon his countenance when he finds him true, until it breaks into a blaze as he pronounces

"Selim is yet alive,"

this single line evinced his powers, and put him in complete possession of his audience. Throughout the whole of the performance he received the most enthusiastic

thusiastic applause: and the curtain dropped amidst the loudest plaudits that ever shook the walls of a theatre.

The appearance of this astonishing youth is prepossessing in a very great degree. He is about fourteen years of age, and well grown. His features are handsome, and the shape of his face is oval. He is of a fair complexion, with fair hair, and a fine blue eye. There is nothing striking in his face when he is unmoved, but when he is roused and fired with passion, it is wonderfully expressive. His eye is then, as IRENE describes it—

"Bright as the morning star!"

and every feature is lighted up with the holy frenzy of one inspired. Female beauty cannot afford any thing more sweet than his smile. It was irresistible in the scenes where he proved the loyalty of OTHMAN, and the virtue of ZAPHIRA.—To this he adds all the winning gracefulness of ease. Every action is just, appropriate, and correct. He treads the stage with dignity and firmness, and has an air of majesty, in which all idea of his youth and size is lost or forgotten. He delineates all the various and contending passions with the nicest discrimination, never mixing or confounding them, but marking even the finest shades with all the strength of contrasted colours. Of the business of the stage he is a perfect master. The scene fills all his mind. He seems not conscious of a present audience, yet there is no appearance of labor or study. Every thing flows, as it were, spontaneous, and he seizes the feelings of the audience, and carries them away without any apparent exertion. That a boy of fourteen should present himself, under any circumstances or advantages of birth and education, in such a state of perfection, is indeed a wonder, a prodigy; certainly it constitutes an æra in the theatrical annals of this country. He is indeed a favourite child of nature conceived in her happiest mood.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

FULL DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

London Published June 1st 1808 by Vernor Hood & Sharpe

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESS.

A Turban of worked Muslin, and Veil, ornamented with Lilac, and White Ostrich Feathers. A Robe of Lilac Sarsenet, embroidered with Silver. White Opera Muff. Flesh Coloured Pic Nic Gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

Green Velvet Hat, ornamented with Black Ostrich Feathers. White Muslin Dress, with Muslin Habit Shirt. Green Velvet Pelice, open in Front. Swandown Tippet, Buff Boots, and Gloves.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Hogarth illustrated from his own Manuscripts. By John Ireland. Volume the third and last. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

The second edition of the two first volumes of this work we noticed in the British Critic, vol. iii. p. 439. The first edition of this volume was also noticed in our twelfth volume, pp. 349, and 406. In both these instances we expressed our approbation, which, on this republication, we think it just to repeat, of the manner in which Mr. Ireland has explained the instructive and very entertaining works of this great and original genius; and the public voice has now sanctioned the opinion we then gave. The three volumes may very fairly be described as giving a full-length picture of a man, who must ever be considered as the first moral painter of this or any other country. By an incessant study of nature, he attained a perfect knowledge of that language which a painter should, above all others, endeavour to learn—the language of the passions. Without it, the finest works must appear lifeless and inanimate. It is not enough to delineate the most exquisite forms, give them the most graceful attitudes, and compose them well together, nor to dress them with propriety, and in the most beautiful colours; he must know also how to clothe his figures with joy, grief, fear, anger. He must, in fine, in some sort, write on their faces what they think; and thus render the face an index of the mind. This Hogarth attempted, and accomplished in a degree that has imprinted a character of immortality on all his works; and, though he has had numerous imitators, he still retains his original and undisputed superiority. *British Critic.*

Poems. By Charles A. Elton, Esq. Captain 48*th Regiment. Small* 8vo. *pp.* 164. *Price* 5*s.*

This volume of poems is the first production of a young officer in the army; and as such, is doubly intitled to indulgence, if indulgence were necessary. For it is not the part of liberal criticism to demand or expect perfection in a first essay, even of those from whose habits of life, or advantages of situation, it might more reasonably be required: and when we reflect that most, if not all, the poems in the volume before us, have been written in

the few moments of leisure that can be snatched from the duties of actual service, we should be more ready to admire what we may find worthy of praise, than to censure errors which the author had not time to correct. We do not, however, mean to imply, in the present instance, that it is always necessary to refer to the situation of the author to admire his poetry: passages may be pointed out, which breathe a spirit and manner very different from the vapid effusions that daily issue from the press; and we are sincere when we say, these passages are too numerous for selection.

Imperial Review.

Scenes of Youth; or Rural Recollections; by W. Holloway, Author of the Peasant's Fate. 12*mo.* 4*s.*

The *Peasant's Fate* of this author has passed on, we find, to a second impression, and thereby justified our favorable appreciation of its poetical merits. The principal production in the present volume differs in its structure, and in its subject, from his former well received work, but is certainly not less interesting. The object of the Poet, in these pages, is to draw a comparison between private and public life, and to contrast city and country modes and manners, in the execution of which he has chosen the familiar and colloquial style of blank verse, as the best adapted to suit his purpose. Practical experience has added to the facility of his pen; and we have many delineations throughout his SCENES OF YOUTH, that are *selected with judgment*, *sketched with freedom*, and *coloured with fidelity*. By those who still cherish a vivid recollection of early years, *his* reflections will not be read with indifference. Even the Parricide is a most pathetic and well told tale—Walter, the Miller's Boy, is in the same predicament.—His contrast between a rural wedding and a marriage *a-la-mode*, is striking, and drawn with equal force and truth. The christening and funeral are also highly characteristic, and the modish mourner is censured in a strain of irony not unworthy of Dr. Young.—Bull-baiting and cock-fighting are forcibly depicted and decried, and more humane and manly recreations recommended. Rural sports and pastimes are likewise pleasingly exhibited. By those who are capable of relishing "the calm felicities of rural life," the present publication will be valued for affording a rich variety of entertainment, and moral observation. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Scenery, Antiquities and Biography of South Wales, from Materials collected during two Excursions in the Year 1803. *By B. H. Malkin, Esq. M. A. F. R. S. Embellished with Views drawn on the Spot, by Laporte,* 4*to.* 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WHAT the Junior Pliny has observed of history, *historia quoquo modo scripta delectat*, may in general be affirmed of travels into foreign

reign regions; but not so of excursions at home, which, unless they are undertaken, as in the present instance, by a man of taste, judgment, and learning, are too often the most uninstructive, senseless, vapid reading, that can possibly issue from the press. Mr. Malkin, with every requisite to improve observation, to animate description, and to lend a grace to truth, has pursued his course with a felicity of industry and research, that cannot fail to command respect, and to secure approbation. *Monthly Mirror.*

A Peep at the World; or the Children of Providence. By Harvey Sinclair. 12mo. 3 Vols. 12s. sewed.

The unaffected ease with which this author delivers his history, and the true sensibility and natural feeling which he discovers, together with many judicious reflections on the manners and conduct of mankind, intitle his performance to commendation. Perhaps, if fewer episodes had been interwoven, the tale would have met with more admirers. We perceive, however, that Mr. Sinclair, whoever he may be, is a man of good education and of good understanding. The events related are generally more or less of a serious cast; but some are animated and lively. *Monthly Review.*

The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison. Selected from the original Manuscripts, bequeathed by him to his Family. To which are prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Observations on his Writings. By Anna Lætitia Barbauld. In Six Volumes. 8vo. 2l. 5s.

Various opinions prevail on the subject of publishing the posthumous Letters of distinguished individuals; but we think that, in this particular, a line may be easily and accurately drawn. If the private papers of a deceased man of genius are to be ransacked, and each remoter connection to be importuned for every written scrap, with a view to indiscriminate publication, as has often been the case, we protest against such a proceeding without reserve, and with severity: but, when the author himself, as in the present instance, preserved copies of his more interesting correspondence, and was at the same time eminently superior in epistolary merit, a judicious selection of his Letters is no unbecoming tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, and cannot fail to be an acceptable present to the public. *British Critic.*

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

TO MY BROTHER.

AN EPISTLE.

FROM realms of darkness, dirt, and fog,
The clouds a puddle, earth a bog,
With wit as lively as a log,
To thee, dear Jem, I write—
To thee, for, barring all pretence
To genius, or to common sense,
In verse, or prose, a letter hence
I will dispatch to-night.

To thee I write: for father, mother,
Expect some grave discourse or other;
And nonsense, though it suits a brother,
In their eyes were not venial;
But yet, with solemn face to treat
Of vice, how dreadful! virtue, sweet!
When long divided brothers meet,
Were surely not congenial.

'Tis long since we, boy, liv'd together;
And I've experienc'd various weather,
Since, breaking from paternal tether,
I gave the world a venture;
But still my heart is whole—and warm;
A little world, which nought can harm;
There all my friends together swarm,
And thou art in the centre.

A room, one story from the sky,
Is where I study, feed and lie—
Yet, though my station be so high,
The lowly I ne'er slight;
To give my windows due adorning,
I've curtains, which asunder yawning,
Shew me my neighbours in the morning;
My neighbours me, at night.

Stretch'd on a beaufet, or a bed,
'Tis immaterial which be said,
(And 'tis not beds of down, I've read,
The soundest sleep is seen on,)
I nightly rest—Dreams bear me home;
My friends with rapture round me come;
Some kill the fatted calf—while some
Allude to me the lean one.

A trunk, of goodly size and weight,
Contains my personal estate;
It should possess dimensions great,
For I'm my father's heir!
A lock it has; but I ne'er lock it,
For all my cash is in my pocket;
And though my wardrobe fully stock it,
There's little fit to wear.

But why my poverty expose?
Chairs, tables, drawers, and where I doze,
All of mahogany, disclose
My fortune ne'er the less is—
O Fortune! Fortune!—I mistake—
The truth will cause thy heart to ake;
That furniture which mine I'd make,
My landlady possesses!—

Farewell, dear Jem; 'tis cold December,
And dimly burns the midnight ember—
Should you, on Christmas eve, remember
The absence of your brother,
While lib'ral joy and love abound,
Let *one* glass to his health go round;
He'll drink, wherever he be found,
Your health, boy, in another.

SELF-INTEREST.

WE call Tim Gripe a sordid elf,
Whose wishes centre in himself;
Condemn his narrow-minded plan,
As most unworthy of a man:

This

This just decision, I'm aware,
We all should give—but have a care
Lest, in condemning this poor elf,
You pass a stricture on yourself.
Nay, start not, reader; for 'tis true,
That I am selfish—so are you:
Nor think I treat you with contempt,
There's not a mortal that's exempt.
In some degree SELF governs all,
And has done ever since the Fall.
To prove how true, without reserve,
We all this character deserve,
A few plain instances may serve.
What does a lover now pursue?
Is it your happiness, or you?
Or is he seeking for his own?
Which you can give, and you alone.
Why do our authors, low in station,
Prefix a flattering dedication?
His Lordship's virtues to rehearse,
Or to put money in their purse?
Why does the courtier aim to please,
And flatter all with equal ease?
To gratify his Prince's wishes,
Or to secure the loaves and fishes?
By this we learn that all possess
A selfish bias, more or less.
Some men in every act display
That *self* holds most unbounded sway:
In others it is scarcely seen,
But take my word for't 'tis *within*.

VERITAS.

ELEGIAC SONNET,

Written immediately on returning Home from a Ball.

BY MR. HACKETT.

HER silvery radiance o'er the slumb'ring earth
The solitary moon expansive throws,
And prompts reflection to recall my woes,
And paint the vanity of human mirth.
Oh! 'tis a sacrilege for me to smile,
For me to tread the mazes of the dance,
And court the levity of female guile,
The vow of ardor, and the thrilling glance!
Not form'd by Nature to delight the fair,
Nor deck'd with graces that enchant the heart,

How

How can I hope the wreath of love to wear,
Or fancy Beauty will her smiles impart?
No—such as I, must rude repulses prove,
And suffer coldness, tho' condemn'd to love!

Temple.

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

AN ORIGINAL ODE.

WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

And sung at Boston, at the Anniversary Celebration of the Massachusett's Charitable Fire Society, by Mrs. JONES.

THE street was a ruin, and Night's horrid glare
Illumin'd with terror the face of Despair;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute Pity assailing,
A mother's wild shrieks pierc'd the merciless air.
Beside her stood Edward, imploring each wind,
To wake his lov'd sister, who linger'd behind;
"Awake, my poor Mary;
"Oh, fly to me, Mary;
"In the arms of your Edward a pillow you'll find."

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd smoke,
Crackling between the parting rafters, broke;
Through the rent seams the forked flames aspire,
All, all is lost—the roof—the roof's on fire!
A flash from the window brought Mary to view:
She scream'd as around her the flames fiercely blew;
"Where art thou, mother!
"Oh! fly to me, brother!
"Oh! save your poor Mary, who lives but for you!
"Leave not your poor Mary,
"Ah! save your Mary!"

Her vision'd form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantic gaze,
Then plunges in the madd'ning blaze!
Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores;
The roof in cinders crushes,
Through tumbling walls he rushes!
She's safe from Fear's alarms;
She faints in Edward's arms!
Oh! Nature, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare!

New York,
June 7, 1804.

ABDALLAH AND ABRA.

A TALE.

ABDALLAH once was rich, serene, and gay,
And pleasure came with each succeeding day;
But as each mortal has his share of woe,
And no real happiness is known below;
And though there are, who have but little care,
The time will come, when all must have their share.
That period to Abdallah now arriv'd;
No joy he knew, and but to mourn he liv'd:
A father dear, who, in his infant days,
Taught him to lisp to sacred Alla praise,
Call'd to where Hope had bid his thoughts aspire,
Left a vain world, for worldlings to admire.
Grief took possession of Abdallah's heart,
He'd heard of woe, but now he felt the smart.
Resolv'd to fly the place that fed his grief,
And in some foreign clime to seek relief,
He bid a sad adieu to Irwin's plain,
In hopes to fly from thence, and fly from pain.
Scarce had the sun, in its diurnal course,
Thrice visited th' inhabitants of earth,
Since first their bark, from India's fertile shore
Had sail'd, the deep tempestuous main t' explore,
When adverse Fate decreed, (for there are still
Fates that decree to man, or good or ill,)
That the best blessing any mortal knows,
To him no longer should its sweets disclose.
Oh, Liberty! thy influence kindly shed,
Through this wide world, on my unshelter'd head:
Labour no longer then shall wear a frown,
And the hard couch become a bed of down.
Their bold resistance to a pirate sail,
In Justice' cause, but little did avail;
The strong do ever o'er the weak prevail.
He soon was taught Submission's humble laws,
Sold to a man, who ne'er enquir'd the cause
Why virtue is rever'd, or vice abhorr'd,
But sought alone t' increase his ill-got hoard.
His only daughter, who in every grace
Surpass'd the admir'd beauties of her race,
Whose form, in native modesty array'd,
Whose face a purity of soul display'd,
Abdallah's heart enthrall'd; for Abra's face,
Deep Melancholy's gloom would ever chace:
Chearful each morn, he'd hail returning light,
If with a smile his labour she'd requite.

She lov'd; but Infamy would brand her name,
If known, that for a slave she felt a flame.
But vain the task her passion to conceal,
When every action did her love reveal;
Unconscious she, though oft the falling tear,
Betray'd her feelings for his lot severe;
When hearing him relate his hapless tale,
'Twas then that love would over fear prevail.
She at that moment all her love confest,
And own'd him ruler of her throbbing breast.
If through the day his brow denoted care,
She in his sorrows ever took a share:
But if bright Hope, with ever placid mien,
Should o'er his face diffuse a smile serene,
Her eager eyes, which caught each varied look,
Sparkled with joy, and of his bliss partook.
But Envy's tongue the intercourse betray'd
Between this hapless youth and lovely maid.
Abra, who heard the fatal secret told,
Straight to Abdallah did the whole unfold:
And while the tear stood glistening in her eye,
Thus caution'd him from her and death to fly.
"Go, gentle youth, to some far distant spot,
"But let thy Abra never be forgot:
"May Heaven protect, and guide thy wand'ring feet,
"When far from hence, you seek a safe retreat;
"My father's direful rage, nought can appease,
"Haste then, dear youth, the lucky moment seize,
"For should misfortune but betide my love,
"That the last moment of my life will prove."
Abdallah wept his cares on Abra's breast,
And thought that moment of his life the best;
But human bliss is short, a transient gleam,
At times illumes the horrors of life's dream;
Yet the sad contrast but presents to view,
The ills of life in a more dismal hue:
As when a storm succeeds an azure sky,
The dark'ning shades seem darker to the eye.
He then, in haste, warn'd by returning day,
Over the burning sands pursu'd his way;
A youth before, with careful heed, to teach
His steps to flee beyond Oppression's reach:
This youth a scrip upon his shoulder bore,
And in sad silence travell'd on before.
Now when bright Sol from men withdrew his light,
And left pale Cynthia ruler of the night,
As o'er the waste they walk'd, a murd'rous crew
Rush'd forth, and straight their glittering sabres drew.
The youthful guide a sudden tremor shook,
And from his brow a vizor quickly took;

Abdallah

Abdallah gaz'd, and in his pallid face
Thought he could Abra's lovely features trace;
'Twas so; he then, with sabre drawn,
Rush'd on, for love will every danger scorn;
Her life to save was all the bliss he crav'd,
"Oh, Alla! take the world, if she's but sav'd!"
But he, alas! soon on the earth was laid,
And far away they bore the lovely maid.
Now when returning life rais'd him from earth,
He curs'd the day that ever gave him birth;
"Say, sacred Alla, why is it decreed,
"That mortals never shall from cares be freed?
"Is it that mis'ry here shall make us prize
"The bliss that still awaits beyond the skies?
"Since first I wander'd from my native home,
"A wilful outcast o'er the world to roam,
"The cup of bliss, though oft within my view,
"Has yet as often from my lips withdrew."
But Reason o'er his soul resum'd her sway,
Calm'd his wild thoughts, and chas'd each doubt away,
Of the just distributive will of Heaven.
Patience alone to mortal man is given,
To bear with ills, while here below he stays,
And own great Alla just in all his ways.
This prayer to righteous Heaven he then address,
Humbled in dust, his errors he confest:
"Thou sacred Power, who through this narrow space
"The various good that evil brings can trace,
"Who, when sad Desolation's direful rage,
"And man with man in cruel wars engage;
"Some righteous cause thy fearful ire directs,
"'Tis man alone that thinks he sees defects;
"But let this be my prayer, what ills may come,
"Father of Light, on earth thy will be done."
He then, in resignation to his God,
Sought out a wild, by human feet untrod;
Where limpid streams, in soft'st murmurs stray'd,
And Nature's choicest sweets unheeded play'd;
And thus in peaceful solitude repress'd
Each anxious thought that rankled in his breast.
At eve and morn his prayer was ever one,
"Father of Light, on earth thy will be done!"

CLERMONT.

ENIGMA.

IN some dark cave, as dark as ten-fold night,
Immur'd beyond the reach of cheerful light,
Devoid of cooling breeze, or sunny rays,
I'm doom'd to spend my solitary days.
Such is my case, and such the place I hold,
Secure from summer's heat, or winter's cold.
But when the page of knowledge lies in view,
And science bids the skilful sage pursue,
Like Hamlet's ghost, from my dark cell I rise;
As thin my form—as ghastly are my eyes.
Perhaps from this you'll treat me with abuse,
And call me frightful, and of little use.
If that's the case, it soon revers'd shall be,
And all shall know what fame belongs to me.
I've led the ancient bards, in days of yore,
Through paths of learning unexplor'd before;
Have giv'n assistance to the hoary sage,
And guided him through many a tedious page.
And you, ye fair, fresh, blooming, young, and gay,
Whose charms, tho' beauteous, must in time decay,
See that ye don't that usefulness despise,
Which one day ye may know, and highly prize.
Perhaps, too, while these mystic lines ye view,
I may be seen attach'd to some of you.
Sublime I sit, while you the theme explore,
I then dismount, and soon am seen no more.
Like some poor hermit, fled from care and pain,
I clasp my arms, and to my cave again.

N. H.
Sneydgreen.

Correspondence, &c.

We have not been able to find room for the narrative of Amicus, *as was hoped; but he may depend on prior insertion to every thing received later, which is our rule. The following are received, and shall appear soon.* "Moderatus," "Theresa Hatton," "The Old Yew-Tree," *and* "The Tale of Sorrow."—*Poetry:* "Ode to Virtue," "Ellen," "Epitaph on a Canary Bird," "Epitaph for the Grave of a Spaniel," "Descriptive Sketch," "The Wreath," "Gulielmus," "Cordelia's Story," "Hodge and the Ghost," "To Mira," *and* "Lines presented to a beautiful young Lady who painted."

"The Wounded Hussar" *is inadmissible.*

French Poetry might gratify such readers as are critics in that language, but seems hardly suitable for a work of such general diffusion as the Lady's Museum.

J. M. L. *is, we apprehend, mistaken in supposing his pieces were sent to us.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
22 SEP 48

Sands sc.

George Anne Bellamy.

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